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The figure of a man lay stretched beneath the wall, from which it could hardly be distinguished. His face was turned from the road; but the heaving of his breast, and the contortions of his limbs as he writhed upon the turf, plainly told the anguish he endured. Mick spoke to him, and received no answer; but touching him on the shoulder, the man turned upon his side, and the blood gushed afresh from a wound on his forehead. Mick succeeded with much trouble in staunching the flow; and his new companion, feebly thanking him for his kindness, answered to Mick's inquiries, that he had been beset a little further on by highwaymen, who had thus ill-treated him, and despoiled him of a sum of money, the payment for the last remnant of his property, which he had disposed of to save his wife and children from absolute destitution; and, sobbing with uncontrollable emotion, his rugged cheeks were bedewed with tears.

"Then may be ye'd like to find the shiners agin?" said Mick, stealing more closely to the side of his companion.

The man replied with a silent expression of a craving but useless desire, as he made another effort to stifle his grief.

Mick pushed the bag, with its contents, into his hand. Had the light of day streamed at once from heaven upon him, the change could not have been more electric. He seized the purse with a convulsive grasp, looked with sudden, full, and earnest gaze upon Mick, while joy and astonishment struggled for predominance in his face, and vainly endeavoured to tell his thanks.

"I just now found it," said Mick, replying to his gaze, "and I'm thinking it must be yours."

"It is, it is!" he exclaimed, and falling on his knees, "May all the heavens bless you!" Then starting on his feet, he seemed to have acquired new vigour with his treasure, set off at the top of his speed, and was out of sight in an instant.

Mick enjoyed the pleasure of a satisfied conscience; and, though worn down and dispirited at his ill success, found a lightness in his heart, which he would not have thought it possible at such a time to experience.

The day had added to poor old Patrick's affliction; and an attack of paralysis had evidently made rapid progress since morning. Day thus succeeded day. The morrow only opened upon grief to close in deeper gloom; and in spite of her strength of mind and fortitude, aided by Mick's affectionate encouragement, poor Mary's spirits and health sank as she witnessed the deep inroads of the disorder on her father's frame.

The old man's constitution seemed to have sunk at once beneath the blow; and the probability almost every hour increased, that he would at last be spared the pain of seeing himself houseless, and his child destitute.

The morning at length arrived, on which the sale was to take place. The grey haze of dawn found Mary jaded and worn down at the close of her third night's vigil beside her father's bed.

His eyes, which, during the dreary hours of darkness since she took her seat, had wandered in glassy meaninglessness round the room, at last sank beneath their heavy lids; and his affectionate child bowed to the impulse of exhausted nature, and dropped into a watchful doze.

The light step of Mick, however, as he stole across the room, waked them from their brief repose; and Mary lifted her eyes to greet her only comforter with a welcome, when she caught a glance of her father's face, on which Mick was intently gazing. The crimson hectic of fever covered his brow; and rolling his eyes in unmeaning yet excited vacancy, his spirit burst forth into the violence of raving insanity. Mick's whole strength was required to keep him to his bed. The roof rang with the alternate screams and laughter of raging madness. Oaths and imprecations wildly and rapidly followed each other; and the gentle Mary, almost heart-broken by previous grief, sank fainting on her chair. The fit, however, subsided by degrees; and as Mick loosed the hands he had with difficulty held, the poor old man's countenance resumed more of natural expression than it had worn since the attack. A sweet placidity sat upon his face—reason obtained her way. He knew the daughter of his heart, and looked

with more than kindness on him who had been as a son in his affliction. A blessing quivered on his lips—a glance of tender affection beamed from his eyes—his features gradually relaxed—the colour settled on his face—a stilly quietude stole upon his frame—Patrick was at peace.

Mary's breath grew thick and heavy—her heart beat quick—her head fell—and she sank upon the bed almost as lifeless as the frame when her father's spirit left its earthly tenement. With difficulty Mick drew her from the room to her own apartment, where, placing her upon her own bed, he felt as if a weight had been lifted from his soul when she again looked up with consciousness, and a flood of tears relieved her grief. Leaving Mary to recover more completely from her swoon, Mick went below to ascertain the cause of the unusual stillness which reigned in the house, when he expected the congregation and the bustle of the sale. Not an individual could he find; but a bill was pasted up, stating that the sale would not proceed, and a letter was lying on the table, addressed to himself, which contained an explanation of the matter.

Patrick's landlord had been an unobserved witness of Mick's conduct on the evening of the distress; and having made inquiries into the case, had, on his account, forgiven the debt, removed the bailiffs, and constituted him his tenant on lease on the death of Patrick, that had now occurred. After the funeral Mick Donnovan entered into possession, and found, in years of after happiness with Mary, that his confidence had not been misplaced when he had righteously put his "trust in Providence."

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#### ENEAS O'HAGAN, THE IRISH OUTLAW.

MR. EDITOR—Since you are raking up so much antiquated information respecting Ireland in the olden time, I presume the following will be both acceptable to you, and interesting to your readers. In making out the following sketch, I am assisted by innumerable traditions, together with some printed documents, all which agree in the main particulars; and this leads me to think that there is credibility to be attached to the whole.

Know, then, that the parents of Eneas O'Hagan, (commonly pronounced Neisse O'Haghin) lived about the close of the seventeenth century, at a place named Skerry, a short distance to the north of Slemish mountain in the county of Antrim: they had four sons—Shane Oge, Eneas, Denis: the name of the other is forgotten. It appears that the mother was unable to nurse any of them, and that a nurse was provided for that purpose; and whether or not any thing of the disposition of the foster-mother was imbibed into the children with her milk, one strange fact is, that her own son and the four O'Hagans were all hanged! The parents had a practice of setting the barn-doors open, and, each with a stick, stood inside one of the doors, and thrashed on the floor; they then caused their sons to run in at the one door, and out at the other; and he that was nimblest got fewest strokes. This was for the purpose of training them to activity.

It appears that the mother was of a more daring spirit than the father, and that she sometimes reproached her sons for their lack of courage, and incited them to acts which, but for her, they might never have attempted. When the three eldest came to be men, they betook themselves to a life of robbery, and committed great depredations in the northern parts of the county of Antrim, and had caves in several places where they concealed themselves; some of which are yet shown about Ballvoley mountain and Glenwherry, and are called "O'Hagan's Caves." They had also a place of concealment at a place called "Arch's Bushes," on the Knockagh mountain near Carrickfergus. When they were near this latter place, they found an asylum in the house of a widow of a degraded Presbyterian minister named Gideon Jacques, and sometimes in the house of a James M'Kinstry. The youngest brother had not at this time joined them; but his mother began to upbraid him for not making common cause with his brothers, and living like a gentleman: he hereupon betook himself to the residence of his brothers, by whom he was joyfully received. The first robbery which they committed after this, turned out badly for the

young recruit; for he clothed himself with the apparel of the man they had robbed, which being identified, he was apprehended, tried, and executed, while his brothers were ying in view of the melancholy scene.

Shane Oge was next apprehended and executed. It appears that M'Kinstry, the former friend of the gang, betrayed him. Eneas was with him when he was captured, but made his escape. A number of country people attempted to surround him; but they dreaded the true revelling of his gun, so that none of them durst appear in his path. However, one young man ventured to look from behind a tree, when immediately a bullet from the robber's gun took away one side of the brim of his hat, and part of his ear. Eneas, having reloaded his gun, effected his retreat. He had now to change his abode to Colton mountain, where he plundered the farmers at a fearful rate. At last his retreat at this place was also discovered, and the peasantry sallied forth in a body to apprehend him. Eneas, perceiving their approach, thought proper to consult his safety by flight; but a man named Gillinan, being mounted on a fleet mare, soon overtook him. O'Hagan supplicated him for mercy, as he had never injured him or his family. His boon was granted; either through dread of the robber, should he escape, or from motives of humanity, he ran his mare into a bog, and thus suffered him to escape. He, being very swift, soon left his pursuers, and continued his flight, till he arrived at Lord Antrim's deer-park, the wall of which he leaped, but, in doing so, he broke one of his legs: however, he was successful this time also in baffling his pursuers.

It appears that, after this, he changed the seat of his operations to the Belfast mountains, where his name and exploits caused universal alarm; and though his brothers were all at this time dead, yet he was not without companions, as we find him and his gang, on one Sabbath evening, coming to the house of a man named Gilmore, near the village of Roughfort, with an intention of robbing. O'Hagan left the others at some distance, and went forward to reconnoitre; the old man and his family were singing psalms: this struck such a terror on the robber's mind, that when he returned to his companions, he told them that they would do nothing that night, as Gilmore was better employed than they were; and if they robbed him, they could never prosper afterwards.

At one time, before the Lammis fair of Belfast, he prepared a great quantity of ropes, and when the people about Ballinabernice, and in the neighbourhood of Templepatrick, were on their way to the fair, he and an accomplice waylaid them on the mountain, robbed them and bound them; and so effectually did he scour the hills that day, and detained all whom he saw, that not one escaped to give information. When it came near night, he left them, and some one coming forward, unbound one; the two then unbound two more, and so on. The small glen where he had them all lying, is to this day called "O'Hagan's Howe." There was an old man named Alison, who lived in the vicinity of Squire's hill, with whom it appears that O'Hagan was very intimate. It is also said that he paid O'Hagan some kind of "black mail," that he might not disturb him. He also left his barn-door unlocked, that O'Hagan, when he pleased, might get a free night's lodging, and sometimes he left a cheese, or other provisions, for his acceptance. On the other hand, these acts of kindness were not overlooked by the robber; for if at any time he knew of Alison being in straits for money, he would have tied up a few guineas and hung them at the handle of his door during night. He appeared very seldom to Alison; and when they did meet, O'Hagan told him, that if ever he saw him about his house, he must not look which way he went, as their correspondence must cease, for he did not wish any person to be acquainted with more than one of his haunts.

After the lapse of upwards of a century, it is not to be expected that all the exploits of this man can be enumerated. However, it appears that his robberies were so numerous, that the greatest part of the county of Antrim got alarmed; and in a short time he was outlawed, and a reward offered for his head, whether dead or alive; and parties of military were sometimes sent in pursuit of him. At one time, when he was on some excursion to his na-

tive place, some dragoons, being informed of it, set out in pursuit of him; he immediately betook himself to flight; and being by nature very fleet, and knowing the country better than they, he kept before them till he passed Devis mountain; and when he came to the river Lagan, which divides the counties of Down and Antrim, he fairly jumped over it. An old man who was ploughing on the opposite side, told him that he had lived there during a long life, and that he had never seen the like done before. "That may be," said O'Hagan; "but perhaps you never saw one trying it before, who had twenty long miles of a race to it." The country was now getting too hot for him, and he enlisted under a fictitious name. Being now missed from his old haunts, much conjecture was afloat what could become of O'Hagan. However, one day while his regiment was in England, the men were diverting themselves by jumping, and one set up two horses with a man on each, and jumped over them. O'Hagan then set up three, and jumped over them with the same ease. But, unfortunately for him, one of the dragoons who had given him the long chase in Ireland, was present, and immediately called out that he had never seen any one who could do the like but Eneas O'Hagan. On hearing his former name mentioned, O'Hagan's countenance fell, and he was immediately suspected, taken up, and examined; and so minutely had he been described in the proclamations in Ireland, that a flesh-mark on some part of his body proved him to be the same man. He was hereupon transmitted to Carrickfergus, and charges were brought against him, which caused him to be sentenced to death. On the day of his execution, while walking from the prison to the gallows, (a distance of a mile,) he told an acquaintance on what part of the Belfast mountains his money was concealed. A man named Johnson overheard his discourse, and, knowing the place, immediately galloped off without waiting for the execution; and so great was his haste, that his horse broke down, and died near the Cave Hill. However, he arrived at the place on foot, and just as he had possessed himself of the booty, O'Hagan's friend appeared, though too late! The tradition states, that there was the full of a boot of guineas. Another report states, that it was a servant of Lord Antrim's who identified O'Hagan in England. It is also stated, that Mr. Johnson paid him a yearly contribution while he haunted the Belfast mountains, and that he paid him a visit when he was going to be executed, and that he told himself, and none else, where his money lay: but the difference between the two relations is by no means important. The place where the money was found is shown to this day; it is a cairn of stones on the road-side from Templepatrick to Belfast, in the townland of Ballytuog and parish of Templepatrick. At the spot formerly grew a thorn, called "the hanging thorn," from some one committing suicide on it. According to the record-book of Carrickfergus, it was in the year 1720 that Eneas O'Hagan was apprehended. The bolts that were purposely forged for him are yet in Carrickfergus jail.

As the O'Hagans were severally executed, their heads were placed on spikes on the top of the Court-house. Shortly after the head of Shane Oge was stuck up, an eagle tore out his eyes, and in about two years afterwards a wren hatched a brood of young in the interior of his skull! After these heads had remained on the spikes for a number of years, they were blown down the chimney of a neighbouring school-room, the master of which kept them carefully to frighten those of his pupils who were inattentive. There are several other vague traditions extant respecting this race of freebooters; but I have suppressed them as I do not wish to make statements which I do not believe to be true.

S. W.

Shaneshill near Templepatrick.

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